

*The Historie of*

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my fayth, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile swear I kilde him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou sleight Thy mayden Sword.

*John.* But soft, who haue we heere?  
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead,  
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?  
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?  
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes  
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

*Fal.* No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a lacke: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himselte: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prin.* Why *Percy* I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying: I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we roled both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds, I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,  
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

*Henry the fourth.*

For my part, if a liemay doe thee grace,  
Ile giude it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:  
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,  
To see what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes me,  
God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile  
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should  
doe. *Exit.*

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,  
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we send Grace,  
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,  
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?  
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,  
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,  
Had been aliue this houre,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safetie vrgde me to,  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me.

*King.* Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:  
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.  
How goes the Field?

*Prin.* The noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,  
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,  
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,  
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent,  
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,  
I may dispose of him.